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The Demons of the Deep

SIX torpedo-like black and white bodies shot through the cobalt of the Pacific and a great bow-head whale rolled uneasily as he floated in the ground roll.

The orca, or killer whale, is the most ferocious and voracious creature that swims the Seven Seas. Compared to him the shark is a very delicate eater. These whales, for with one exception they are the smallest of the whales, were in quest of food. They were always hungry. It was a matter of life and death to them that they eat whenever they were able to secure food.

As the great whale rolled sluggishly through the slight seas the killers sighted him and spreading like hounds in the chase, they hurled themselves forward at terrific speed. The whale, instinctively recognizing his danger, began to swim as fast as possible, but he was overtaken and attacked almost at once, as a pack of wolves overtake a moose floundering in the snow.

The vicious little killers began at once to leap at the protruding lips of the bow-head, and the great whale began to lash about him in a fury, his mighty flukes smashing the water in strokes, any one of which would completely demolish a frame house.

But he rapidly tired and although one of his strokes broke every bone in the body of one of his assassins, half the pack seized on his lips and dragging open his mouth

tore his huge tongue out in greedy mouthfuls, while the remainder fell upon their luckless fellow and devoured him almost in a moment.

As the great bow-head rolled in agony, that swordsman of the deep, the swordfish, arrived and immediately plunged his sword into the soft body of the whale time and time again. As soon as the huge body ceased to move he went his way, disdaining to touch the flesh he had helped to slaughter.

But as the swordfish swam slowly away, drifting in the sunlight, a spectral shape arose from the depths, the like of which has been seen by man hardly more times than may be counted on one's fingers.

It was a giant octopus, his ghoulish eyes and parrot's beak turned upward. As he neared the fish his two long feelers shot out and coiled around it, the saucerlike discs with which each one ended closing around his body with a grip of steel. The fish struggled wildly, but the eight shorter arms from which the octopus gets his name closed around him and his struggles grew weaker.

But here another factor appeared. A great sperm whale, the master of the deep, swam rapidly into view. Attracted by the disturbance of the water, he had come to see if any food was near.

On seeing him the octopus, although a giant himself, loosed his hold and, ejecting the stream of sepia which is his protection against such enemies as the whale, he attempted to flee. But the great jaws, studded with six-foot teeth, closed on the fleeing monster and, despite his frantic struggles, clove him into many parts and devoured him completely.

The swordfish, somewhat dazed, but recovering his strength rapidly, swam slowly off in search of some creature weaker than himself to kill and devour.

Thus life in the seas has gone on for thousands of years and will go on until every sea is dry land.

Kill or be killed. Eat or be eaten. This is the law of the deep.

Blackstone Dozier, '32.

House Cleaning

AND listen to this, Tony Bicorro"—the lawyer's face was distorted in anger—"You stay away from my wife! The next time you so much as speak to her I'm going to hang you higher than Haman. I'm through with you in all dealing whatsoever. Now get out and stay out! Do you get that?"

"Yes, I get it," snarled the gangster. "And you're gonna get it, too. You know too much." And Tony slammed the door.

Well, he was glad that was over, the lawyer decided, though he had some misgivings as to what steps Bicorro would take in retaliation. Tony was strong and influential and his threat was not to be taken lightly.

For a long time Carl Maecher had wanted to break with the gang, but had feared the consequences. Having been Tony's especial lawyer for the past three years, he knew a good deal about Bicorro and his affairs—enough to hang him or send him to prison. At last he had summoned the courage.

Perhaps, thought Carl, he had better carry some means of personal protection. Suiting the action to the thought, he stopped at a pawnshop on his way home and purchased a serviceable .38 caliber automatic which he slipped into his hip pocket. He had no wish to exercise his musical talents on a harp as yet.

Three days later, as Carl Maecher stepped from his office building and started toward the garage where he parked his car, he failed to note a large touring car standing at the curb about a half a block behind him. Likewise he failed to notice it rapidly approaching him when he reached the unlighted section of the block.

The first intimation he had of it was the vicious rattle of a sub-machine gun and the bullets whining by him. Instantly he threw himself flat on the sidewalk with no volition of his own except that of self-preservation.

Miracle of miracles! The would-be assassins, evidently believing their quarry to have been brought down by the

first burst of fire, his manner of falling indicating that he had been instantly killed, wasted no more shots on him, but sped on their way.

Carl got to his feet, trembling, and bathed in the perspiration of fear. He glanced wildly about and then ran stumbling to his car and safety.

Maecher was not naturally a coward, but this sudden turn of affairs made it almost imperative that he leave the city for a while, at least.

He got his car and started home in reckless haste. But as he turned the corner of the street on which he lived he beheld the same touring car which carried the men who made the attempt on his life only a short while ago.

Like a frightened rabbit he turned his automobile around and fled. He was just driving aimlessly now—anywhere to escape the vengeance of Tony Bicorro.

At last reason asserted itself and he went to an out-of-the-way department store and purchased a few necessary articles.

He dared not communicate with his wife, for fear of detection. She was a small, flighty blonde, whom he had married in a moment of idle foolishness, petted, pampered and easily hysterical. She had known Bicorro before her marriage to Carl and was flattered by the attention of this so-powerful gangster.

If she knew that her husband was alive, Tony would certainly find it out when he came to console her. Better to let sleeping dogs lie, thought Carl, as he drove to a distant city. The longer Tony remained in ignorance of his whereabouts, the better off he would be. The affair would soon blow over and all he had to do was to lie low.

Two days later this column appeared on the front page of the morning paper:

"BODY OF MAN BELIEVED TO BE PROMINENT
YOUNG LAWYER FOUND AT BOTTOM OF CLIFF

"The bullet-riddled body of a man believed to be Carl Maecher, a prominent young lawyer of this city, was found yesterday at the bottom of a cliff about a mile from town.

"The crushed face and torn clothing indicated that he

had been murdered and his body thrown from a car.

"No clue was found for the murder, and no trace was left by the murderers."

Mrs. Maecher was apparently grief-stricken, and all during her bereavement Tony stayed with her, consoling her; he even directed the funeral arrangements.

It was a magnificent funeral. The cortege of cars was three miles long, and there were seven cars of flowers—one whole carful contributed by Tony alone.

* * *

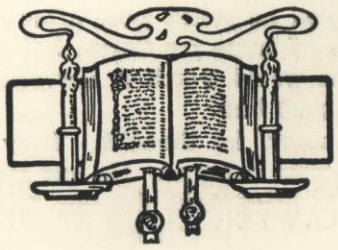
It was three weeks since the death of Carl Maecher. Though Mrs. Maecher did not stay long in mourning for her husband, Tony was almost constantly with her. She was living in her husband's house only until she could sell it, and then she was going to marry Tony and go to Europe on her honeymoon.

It was on a sunny afternoon that the maid went to answer a knock at the door, just as Tony and Mrs. Maecher were preparing to leave. It happened that the maid opened the door just as the couple started down the hall toward it.

The door opened.

"Well, Tony——!" said Carl Maecher, and he reached back to his hip pocket.

F. W. Washington, '32.



Curus

CURUS was a raccoon. There was nothing remarkable in that, but he was a most unusual kind of raccoon. He was black, almost coal black all over, except for his tail, which was dark brown with black stripes.

Black raccoons, as they are called, are very rare in the United States, and this made Curus a very proud coon. He lived in a hollow limb not far from the marshes where he roamed at night.

In the marshes there was plenty of food for him—oysters, fish and, best of all, there were the tender shrimp which he very seldom caught. If he became tired of fish he could wander to the farmer's corn fields and gardens.

It was an easy life. There were few other dangers besides men and dogs. Once he had wandered out on the jetties. There he stayed for quite a while, but the tide came up and the waves pounded him against the rocks. Although he was a good swimmer, he had no special fondness for swimming, and besides, the waves would throw him back against the jetties if he once started out. He finally reached a high rock on the jetties and stayed there until the tide went down. No more jetty fishing for him!

There were also traps set by men. These attracted his curiosity, which is a dominant characteristic in all coons. Once he had delicately pushed one around for five minutes before it caught his foot, but luckily for Curus it was only a muskrat trap and he pulled loose after a brief struggle. This was enough of traps for Curus, but sometimes when he passed one he would watch it nervously as though it would jump and grab him.

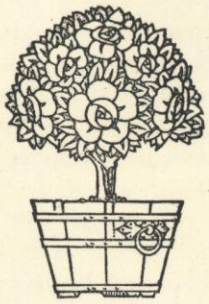
"Dogs were easy," he thought. They were not only stupid, but they were cowards. He had met one alone one night and after a brief fight the dog had run. When a pack got on his trail he simply swam down one of the numerous creeks and left his trail in the water.

One night there was a high tide and practically all his food was covered by the salt water. There was a breeze blowing from the mainland and he could smell the sweet

aroma of a farmer's chickens. Well, chickens were easy meat. His pride and self-confidence led him right up to the chicken house, but there he stopped, frozen in his tracks. He heard a hound bay, one at first, then more. They were heading toward him.

He started running toward his own native marsh, but the dogs gained on him. After nearly a mile of running, he climbed a tall gum tree. He curled up in a fork and looked down at the dogs. There was no man with them. He knew that. He also knew that dogs were fickle animals. They would soon leave if no man came. He curled up closer and dozed off into a pleasant slumber.

Harry Mustard, '32.



Washington Jenkins

WASHINGTON had just made down all of his berths and stood near the door of his car. A stranger mounted the steps of the car and approached him quickly. "Say, porter, are you Washington Jenkins?" "I am nobody else but," replied Washington, with a broad grin. "Well, listen," said the stranger. "I have a Mr. Robert Malcolm outside who is a little bit drunk and he says you will take care of him." A thoughtful expression stole over Washington's face, and then it lit up with pleasure. He had first thought of Rule 109 in the Porter's Manual, stating that any porter allowing a person aboard the train without a ticket would be dismissed at once. But since his conductor would be Mr. Johns, and as Mr. Malcolm had done a good many favors for him, he could easily put him away in drawing room seven, as it was vacant. "Sho, sho! Co'se I will," replied Washington. "Well," said the stranger, "he is right over there," and with that he stepped off the train and walked away. Washington walked over to a huddled heap beside some trunks. "A little drunk, huh! He shore would be a pretty sight if he was any drunker."

After much grunting from Washington and many mumbles from Mr. Malcolm, Washington landed him in the drawing room and got him to bed with the door locked.

Upon looking at his watch, Washington noticed that it was only a half minute before starting time, and Mr. Johns hadn't showed up. Hearing somebody mounting the steps, he turned. Glory be, if it wasn't Mr. Roberts, the strictest conductor on the road. "Wash, come here," called Mr. Roberts. "Mr. Johns is sick and I will be on this run tonight, so be careful and mind your business." "Yas suh, yes suh! I sholy will." Mr. Roberts gave Wash a look that might have meant anything, and passed on down the car. "Heaven's sake, but now I's in it. Ef Mr. Roberts finds out I let a drunk aboard without a ticket it sho' will go hard with Wash."

The train pulled out and Wash settled back in his alcove to think. "Wash!" "Yessuh, yessuh, I's right here."

"Well, don't forget what I told you, and see that you stay awake on this trip." "Yes, suh, I's jest gittin' my stuff together." "Well, don't forget I have my eye on you," said Mr. Roberts.

Everything went along peacefully until the train reached Crosstown. Wash did not expect any passengers, so he was sitting comfortably, almost asleep, when Mr. Roberts came to the door. "Wash!" Wash jumped up as if he had sat down upon a pin. "Didn't I tell you not to go to sleep?" "Yes, suh! I's only thinkin'; 'deed I was." "Well, make up drawing room seven. We will have a passenger for it at Evansville." "You don't mean drawing room seven?" replied Wash. "Yes," said Mr. Roberts. "What's so funny about drawing room seven?" "Nothin', nothin', I jest wanted to make sure." Mr. Roberts looked at Wash thoughtfully and then said. "Wash! Come here. Have you been drinking?" "No, suh; 'deed I hasn't." "Well, what makes you act so queer?" "I's jest nervous tonight, Mr. Roberts; jest nervous." Mr. Roberts passed on, but could not figure out what was the matter with the best porter on the road. "Heaven's sake," thought Wash, "what am I going to do with Mr. Malcolm now?" After much thinking he decided to put him in an upper berth, and as Mr. Roberts had already taken up the tickets, he would not find him.

It took a good fifteen minutes to make the transfer, and Mr. Malcolm mumbled off unpeaceable sentences in protest against being disturbed. After Wash had carried three glasses of water back to him he went off to sleep again and everything was quiet.

Wash sat back down and his head began to nod, as he had not had his usual nap. But all at once loud laughter broke out from the direction of Mr. Malcolm's berth. Wash just had time to stuff a towel into his mouth and walk away when Mr. Roberts entered. "Wash, what's all the disturbance going on back here?" "Why, nothin,' nothin' a tall," said Wash. "Nothing? Why, I heard the laughing myself. Who was it?" "Oh, laughin'? Oh, yes. Why, I laughed a little just now," said Wash.

Mr. Roberts looked at Wash very queerly. "You mean

to tell me you were doing all that laughing? What in the name of the sun were you laughing at?" "I was jest laughin' at a joke I read last night; yes, suh." "I don't know what's the matter with you, but one more trick like that and I will report it."

Wash sat back down in his alcove and sweated in fear, praying all the time that Mr. Malcolm would not wake up again. That night was the longest Wash ever spent on that run, and when the train pulled into the yards he went back to wake Mr. Malcolm up. However, Mr. Malcolm was sitting up in the berth and when Wash looked in he was laughing very hard. "Well, well, Wash! If this isn't funny! The conductor forgot to take up my ticket," and he held out a ticket to Wash.

Curtis M. Babb, '32.

The Ruined Newspapers

PETER BENITO was thirteen, but his size was that of a six-year-old and his face that of a seventeen-year-old. He had lived a hard life. He had been selling newspapers ever since he could remember.

He had no ideals. He took his life as it came, and made no efforts to better himself. When it was cold he simply stamped his feet to keep them warm and thought nothing of it. He had some ambitions of being a great politician and having newsboys scream his name over the streets of New York, but these were only temporary. When he told his father of his ambition he received a clout on the ear and was told to go out and bring back some money.

His mother was a sad-looking creature who always seemed to be washing or ironing. There was no love between Peter and his mother. He remembered that once when he was young his mother had brought him a toy, but hard work had taken all the mother love out of her soul. She seldom said anything, and when she did it was about matters concerning her laundry.

The day was cold. It was February and a light snow

had been falling all day. He had a large stack of papers and had to be careful not to get them wet. He was selling them to passing automobiles, but the sales weren't good because most of the cars were in a hurry. It was a tough job—a slip would mean the lost of fifty cents worth of papers.

A car stopped and signaled him. He made a dash and at the same time a taxi beside him pulled out. The boy tried to dodge, but the taxi hit his head with a sickening crunch.

The boy was unconscious. A crowd soon gathered. They were shouting and pushing. Some were ready to grab the taxi driver if he attempted to escape.

A little man with a mustache started through the crowd. The crowd parted and word passed around that this was the boy's father. The father soon reached the prostrate form, which one man was holding.

He gazed on the boy without any emotion. Then his gaze went to the ground and then to the rumpled pile of wet newspapers. It seemed to ignite him with fury.

The taxi driver started to say something, but the father cut him short.

"Don't try to get out of it!" he screamed. "You've gone and ruined a dollar's worth of newspapers. They were worth a dollar! One dollar, understand me! And if you don't pay me I'll break your neck."

The taxi driver, who was of the same breed, paid him and left.

Harry Mustard, '32.

"Come to Papa"

MR. S. WASHINGTON was a perplexed colored gentleman. But right here, let me digress and explain the said gentleman's first name. He was the fourth and youngest child of his family, having two brothers and a sister. His parents had determined to name their children after famous people, so accordingly, the first two, sons, were christened George and Booker, respectively; the third, a girl, was named Martha; but the fourth arrival presented a problem. What other famous Washington was there? Finally, after much thought and deliberation, his father happened on the name of Spokane. This turned out to be the bane of the poor boy's existence. Every one teased him about it from childhood on up. He was made the butt of all the jokes; his name became a synonym for anything funny or silly. Finally, on his seventeenth birthday, unable to bear the torture any longer, he ran away from his birthplace and bummed his way to Atlanta, which is the locale of the story. There he got a job and at once changed his name to Sam.

But now that that mystery has been explained, I must get back to the story. As I said before, Sam was very perplexed. The reason for this was that there had been a notice in the paper advertising a special day for colored people at the airport; a lower rate than usual for single passengers, and even less than that for two persons, who might wish to split the bill.

The girl whom Sam hoped to marry, Sarsaparilla Smith, had seen this and had decided that she wanted to take an aeroplane ride. Being of rather a stubborn nature, nothing Sam said could dissuade her. Sam had argued that if they wished to get married they must save every bit of money possible; that this would be a rank waste. But Sarsaparilla had argued back doggedly that if he really loved her he would take her on that marvelous ride and not think of the future. Finally, Sam, growing quite a bit vexed, and very impatient, had refused her, point-blank. At that, Sarsaparilla burst into tears and sobbed that if he wouldn't

take her, she knew some one who would. At this, Sam's heart had sunk; Sarsaparilla was referring to his arch-enemy and hated rival, Revelations Johnson, who, Sam knew, had no serious intentions about anything, much less of marrying Sarsaparilla.

Miss Smith had immediately phoned Mr. Johnson and had received a delighted assent to the invitation. Sam had, of course, stalked out, very much angered. We now find him wandering aimlessly around the streets trying to think of a way to get even with Rev and to gain back the favor of, in his opinion, the sweetest, prettiest and the most stubborn girl in the world.

Suddenly, the ideal plan came to his mind. He would teach Sarsaparilla a lesson, gain her good graces again, and have revenge on Rev at the same time. Fifteen minutes later found him on the bus which ran between Atlanta and the airport. When he arrived he pretended to be looking things over, but in reality he was trying to pick out one of the pilots he thought he might take into his confidence. Finally, selecting a rather young-looking one, he approached him.

"Please, suh, can Ah talk to you a minute?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," said the pilot. "Did you wish to make a reservation for tomorrow for a ride?"

"Well, yas, suh, and naw, suh. You see," he continued, "hit's dis way." Whereupon he proceeded to relate the whole sad story.

"Yo' see, mister pilot, Ah wants to git even wid him and learn her a lesson. Here's de way Ah thought yo' might be able to do it, an' ef yo' kin, widout breakin' any rules, Ah'll pay yo' five dollahs fo' it. Now, dis hyer Johnson feller is a regular show-off, an' enny chance tuh brag he gits is jest like so much sugah tuh him. Now, Ah thought Ah might brung 'em out hyer an' interdooce 'em tuh yo' as a ol' frien' ob mah fambly. Ob cose, dey's bofe braggin' now, but as de time gits closer, dey's bofe gwine be mighty glad tuh hab somebody dey thinks dey knows drivin' th' plane. Ah kinda figgered dat aftuh yo' had rid aroun' a li'l' bit, yo' might ask Rebalashuns ef'n he's scairt to do

a loop-de-loop. Now, tryin' tuh show off befo' Sarsaparilla, co'se he's gwine say no, he ain't scairt a bit, but from whut Ah done heard ob loop-de-loops, he's gwine wish he say yes, Lawd. He plenty scairt! Do yo' ketch on?"

"Why, sure, Sam. I think we can manage that all right," said the pilot, struggling to control his laughter.

The next morning, bright and early, Sam went over to Sarsaparilla's house.

"Honey," he began, looking very penitent. "Ah done changed mah min' 'bout dat airyplane ride. Ah thinks dat would be de bestes' thing en de worl' foh yo', ef'n yo' is sho yo' wants it. Ah've got a ol' frien' ob de fambly at de airypoht, who's a avyater; ef'n yo' wants tuh ride wid him, Ah thinks just foh mah sake he'd give yo' a extry good ride. Ef'n yo' would like dat, Ah'll go along wid yo' an' interdooce yo' tuh him."

Sarsaparilla and Rev, true to Sam's prediction, had both grown very nervous at the time for leaving drew near, but each was ashamed to admit fear to the other; both brightened up at this prospect.

"Sam, now dat's right nice ob yo'," said Sarsaparilla. "Ah recepts wid pleshuh, but Ah is still mad wid yo' foh de way yo' acted yistiddy."

At the aerodrome, Sam did everything as he and the aviator had planned, and blithely watched the plane scud down the field for a nice takeoff.

Rev evidently fell for the pilot's line, for in a minute or two Sam saw the plane do a nice loop, and the pilot, evidently enjoying the joke more than Sam even, gave Sam his money's worth; the loop was followed by a stiff barrel roll, and every other form of stunt you could imagine. As the plane taxied in, Sam rushed out to it and answering the pilot's broad wink over Sarsaparilla's shoulder, he said:

"Well, y'all; how did yo' like it? Ja have a good time?"

"Sam, Honey, ef'n you' rilly loves me, take me home; take me away from thet big false alarm! Yo' know whut? He say he like to do a loop-de-loop, but 'fore de pilot wuz half through he wuz hollerin' to be on the groun' ag'in!"

said Sarsaparilla, who, looking very weak and greenish, was pointing to Revelations, leaning weakly over the side, looking greener still.

"Honey," said Sam, joyfully, "come to Papa!"

And that's how Samuel (Spokane) Washington won back his lady-bug.

Tommy Malone, '33.

Catching a Cavalla

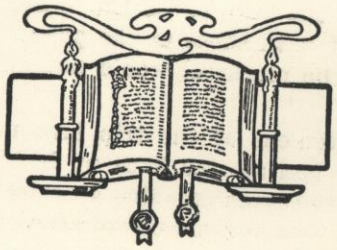
THERE were seven of us on a fishing trip which was to go out into the Gulf: Mr. Horder, the owner of the boat; two of his friends; Herbert Weeks, pilot and general handy man; my father, my brother and myself. We had cruised in Mobile Bay and the Gulf about two and a half hours without catching anything but a twenty-pound man-eating shark. There had been hundreds of bonito around us, but they would not strike. Finally, about lunch time, we ran into some Spanish mackerel, of which we caught eight altogether. As only three could be trolling at once, the rest of us ate lunch, the first ones through changing with those at the poles. An interesting detail was that the mackerel would not strike a bait if it were not red.

The real excitement of the trip happened about three o'clock, after we had started back up Mobile Bay towards home. I was in the cabin finishing an extra sandwich when I heard the whir of the reel and immediately afterwards a sudden commotion on the deck. Mr. Hogle had hooked a cavalla. Herbert was sure it was a cavalla, because of the speed of the outgoing line and the fact that if it had been a tarpon, the only other fish in those waters that could take out line like that, it would have flashed clear of the water. Mr. Hogle played him for about fifteen minutes, pumping him in closer to the boat. Then Herbert took the pole, for only the hardened muscles of this Creole could stand up under the strain of handling the powerful cavalla.

Herbert played the cavalla for forty minutes, nursing

him back and forth from the limited space in the end of the boat. He had to take great care to keep the fish from dashing under the boat. My brother stood by the wheel, ready to shift the boat, if necessary, to keep the cavalla from fouling the line in the propeller. This forty-minute fight was the prettiest example of a keen mind co-ordinating with perfectly trained muscles that I have ever seen or heard of. We were all so keyed up to the highest pitch of anxious excitement that when Herbert had gaffed one of the gamest fighters of Southern waters and hauled him safely aboard the general sigh of relief came from the depths of our hearts.

Richard Ellis, '32.





THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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"Published by the Students of Montgomery Bell Academy." That sentence is to be found on the cover of each issue of our "Bulletin." That, as I take it, means that the student body in general contributes to the "Bulletin." But will that be true this year? Will the forthcoming issues be filled with stories, editorials, and "what have you," from many different boys, or will all of them be signed "B. Dozier" and "R. Ellis?" It's true, the editors should always have something prepared for each issue, but we should not overwork them; in the first place, we should soon get on to

their especial style and type of story, and then if they had to do it all it would not be a very pleasant job for them.

All of us eagerly await the issues, and when they arrive there is a grand rush for them. Then if they are not as good as we expected, the editors are the first ones we criticize. This "Bulletin" is OURS to make or break, not the editors'. We actually publish the "Bulletin"; the editors mainly supervise it.__

We are not suggesting that every time there is a call for material we should write whole "gobs" of stories, not even that we should write anything on the side—that's the editor's job; it is, that if we will only put "that extra something" into those which we so grudgingly turn in English Four, Five and Six, the "Bulletins" this year will be as successful as ever.

"Published by the Students of Montgomery Bell Academy." This has been true before, and if we get together and try to help now, we can print that on the outside of our "Bulletin" this year with a clear conscience.

T. H. M., '33.

Another football season is just about halfway completed, and we find the M. B. A. Maroons after a rather unsuccessful year on the gridiron last year are at the present time in the thickest part of the fight for T. I. A. A. and city championship honors; and once again Coach Charles Hardin, better known as "Chile," is at the helm of the fighting Maroons.

At the beginning of the season prospects looked unusually bright for a winning team, but several of the most promising men were ruled off the squad. "Chile," however, got to work and with about twenty-five men to pick from constructed a team which is knocking at the door for gridiron glory.

The Maroons of Nineteen Thirty-one, although not blessed with all the natural abilities which make a great team, make up for what is lacking with wonderful fighting spirit. When the team takes the field you might as well be prepared to witness a full game of hard, well-played

football, for every man on the squad is giving his best to hard blocking and tackling, and these two items alone go a long way in making a good football team.

The Maroons of Nineteen Thirty-one are a well coached team and credit for this should go to "Chile," for he has spent untiring hours after hours figuring out ways in which the team might be strengthened. Support these fighting Maroons and help them push forward.—J. B., '32.

A new prize is this year being established for competition in the Department of English, to be known as the Dartmouth Prize for English, which will be awarded to the student who during the year has written and has had accepted by the M. B. A. Bulletin the piece of prose or verse which shall be considered to contain the highest literary excellence. The prize is a gold watch fob, carrying the name of the honor and the year it was won.

The founder of this, Edwin R. Frost, is an M. B. A. alumnus of the Class of 1926. On graduation he entered Dartmouth College, from which, with a high record, he graduated in 1930. He has since been engaged in business in Nashville.

Always keenly interested in literary composition, he has here combined his interest in this with his honor for his college and his affection for his school.

EDUCATION.

Every body should hold himself, for three reasons, responsible for acquiring an education: himself, his parents, and his country.

Every boy owes himself an education for his future betterment; it is for his benefit, it will broaden him, lift him to heights of achievement he need never aspire to without it. An education makes one a better associate for one's fellow man.

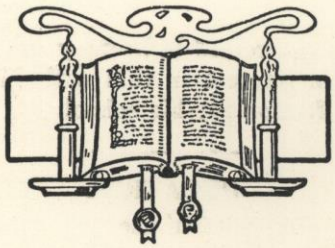
He owes it to his parents. They have raised him from a child in arms, always fondly gazing into the future to the day when he will make his mark in the world. And he

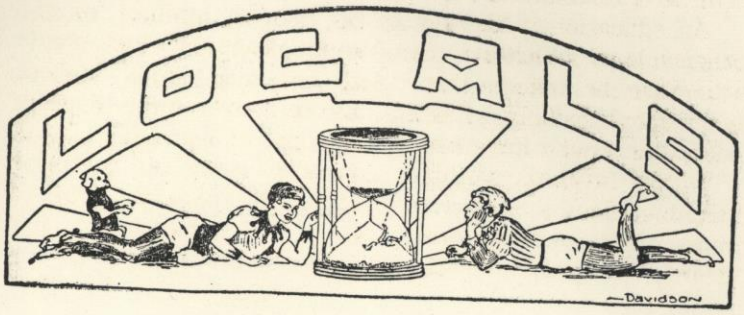
owes to his country to the best he can make of himself, for "the boys of today are the men of tomorrow."

An education is the key to the door of intellect, on the other side of which are many great pleasures which would otherwise be inaccessible. Also one may enjoy himself much more socially by being able to converse intelligently with others who have had the benefits of learning.

In the business world an education is by far the most valuable asset a person may have. It opens the way to many great successes which others less educated may not attain. Truly an education is as a gift from the gods.

B. D. '32.





ALUMNI NOTES

George A. Sloan, '09, was recently re-elected to the presidency of the Cotton Textile Institute. He has come into considerable national prominence recently because of his plans and efforts to extend the uses of cotton.

* * *

Kirby E. Jackson, '15, after occupying the chair of chemistry in several Western colleges, has successfully passed his doctorate examinations in chemistry at the University of Washington, Seattle.

* * *

Zach A. Coles, '23, has lately made a new connection as special agent of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.

* * *

The following are freshmen at Vanderbilt this year: Tom Joy, Kenneth Sisk, Perry Doerr, George Waller, James Burge, Mark Hutton, Carl Gilliam and Leon Caraway. Frank Morton is a freshman at Sewanee.

* * *

J. Wyath Jacobs, '25, now living in Chicago, was during October awarded his B. A. degree at Vanderbilt.

* * *

Harry Hedrick, Jr., '21, was married June 10 to Miss Katherine Mitchell Leath of Gadsden, Ala. The couple will reside in Nashville.

Charles Nelson Rolfe, '26, was married, June 11, to Miss Dorothy Mary Carlin, of Nashville. Mr. Rolfe is connected with the Naron-Platz Motor Co.

* * *

John H. DeWitt, '90, Judge of the Civil Court of Appeals, Nashville, was recently re-elected president of the Tennessee Historical Society.

* * *

William Edmund Norvell, Jr., '02, is practicing law in Nashville with offices in the Nichol Building. He is also a director of the Commerce Union Bank.

* * *

V. M. Lewis, '86, is vice-president of the New Majestic Markets store, located on Hillsboro at Capers avenue, which was opened a short time ago.

* * *

Nicholas A. Wenning, '22, was married to Miss Corinne Ursula Bandy in Notre Dame, Ind., this past summer.

* * *

Thomas Stanley Treanor, '24, was married to Miss Landa Adelaide Dismukes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Dismukes, on July 3 of this past summer. He is an agent in Nashville for the National Life and Accident Insurance Co.

* * *

John M. Blake, Jr., '14, is one of the salesmen of the newly organized Cadillac-Oldsmobile Co.,

of Nashville, having purchased the interest of the W. Frank Stockell Motor Company.

* * *

Adolph Brown, '19, recently was elected vice-president of the Nashville Advertising Club, a new organization to foster good advertising and merchandising and to promote civic enterprise.

* * *

Merrill Moore, '20, is the father of Adam Gillespie Nichol Moore, born in Brookline, Mass., during the last week of October. Dr. Moore, after an interneship at the Boston City Hospital, is now at the Psychopathic Hospital for further studies. He is also an instructor in the Harvard Medical School.

* * *

Moultrie Ball, '27, and Jimmy Bass, '28, after their graduation last June from Sewanee, are attending Harvard this year. Ball is working toward his M. A. degree and Bass is in the Law School.

* * *

William A. Provine, '84, curator of the State Historical Museum, Nashville, recently was re-elected on the publication committee of the Tennessee Historical Society.

* * *

Harold W. Metz, '13, formerly of Nashville, and later of Seattle, Wash., is now located in San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Armstrong Matthews, '19, visited the school a short while ago and gave the English Six class an interesting talk about Lehigh University and the coal fields of West Virginia. His headquarters are at Fairmont, W. Va. He is the superintendent of mines in the northern district of the Consolidation Coal Co., which represents the Rockefeller coal interests in North America.

* * *

George F. Blackie, '86, assistant chief engineer of the N., C. & St. L. Ry., on the retirement of Mr. Hunter DacDonald, chief engineer of the road, has been elevated to the post filled by the latter. Mr. Blackie ever since his graduation from his engineering school has been connected with this road. His recent appointment is evidence of his high fitness for the work and of his many years of devoted service.

* * *

Charles H. Johnson, '95, second assistant engineer of the N., C. & St. L. Ry., has been advanced to the post held by Mr. Blackie. He likewise has given many years of most efficient service to the N. & C.

* * *

Joe Myers, '29, according to the local sports writers, has earned his position as regular end on the Vanderbilt football team this year. This recognition has been accorded him after some excellent work in the Ohio State and the Georgia games.

EXCHANGES

At the present issue of the Bulletin we have received only two exchanges: Hi-Times, Central City High School, Central City, Ky., and The Tiger Cat, Sewanee Military Academy, Sewanee, Tenn.

The Hi-Times: You have a well-written and well-organized paper. It explains fully the details and incidents of the school; but why not have some stories? Then, too, some of your printing is hard to read.

The Tiger Cat: Yours is a very good paper and well written. Your sports department ranks with the best. Why not add some more departments and make your paper more complete?

Comments and criticisms on our paper are always desired. They help us a great deal in improving it.

Last year we received exchanges from many schools and

we would like very much to get them all again this year. We are always glad to receive any new exchanges.

VERSE

REVERIES.

As I was lying on the hill
One sunny day in Fall,
I looked up at the cloudless blue
Then at the poplars tall.

I heard a drone—an aeroplane
Was in the faultless sky;
I dreamed of scenes I know I will
Remember till I die.

For on a Southern bay I know
I spent my happiest hours;
I also knew the bliss of night
And nature's moonlit bowers.

Time flies, and soon I will be called
Back from my pleasant dreams
To classes and reality
In endless boring streams.
Richard Ellis, '32.

* * *

UPON THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE.

There isn't any finer sight
In all the world, it seems to me,
Than brown and red and golden tints
Upon the hills of Tennessee.

The trees in bright battalions stand,
An army, far as eye can see,
Surrendering their banners fair,
Not in defeat, but valiantly.

Each dying leaf a tongue of flame
Flings in the air its message free:
"Mark how we live in beauty rare;
Mark how we die, right joyously."
How clearly Autumn's bugles sound,
A reveille right gallantly;
How softly glow the sunset hues
Upon the hills of Tennessee!
Spencer Shropshire, '32.

THE TEAM.

This is a tale of the gridiron,
And of the team at M. B. A.
If you will read this little verse,
I'll tell you what they play.

Potsey at quarter, Daddy at full,
With Amos and Shorty between;
Swamp Rat at one end, Ball at the other,
And Blair the hub of the team.

Lovelace and Babb are at tackle,
Hooker and Nigger at guard;
Pin Head and Quack are warming the bench,
With Big Boy trying hard.

And I really am intending,
Before I end this rhyme,
To doff my hat to Chile,
The best coach of all time.
Douglas S. Lambeth, '33.

* * *

There's a tearing and a swearing,
and a falling down of stairs;
There's a fussing and a fuming
and a tearing out of hairs;
There's a mangle and a tangle
and the swell of blackened eye;
There's a pushing and a pulling—
we will get there if we die.

There's a moaning and a groaning and a crying out in pain;
There's a ruffle and a scuffle as we struggle there in vain;
There's a clanging and a banging
and a broken glassy crunch;
There's a gasping and a sighing
—ah, at last we have our lunch!
—Exchange.

* * *

O Julius Caesar, this to thee—
The shortest road to lunacy.
For days and nights o'er thee I'll rave,
And in another month or so,
If I have studied you, I know
I will be headed straight below,
Into the bosom of my grave.
Wendell Smith, '32.

THE EAGLE.

An eagle soars in the cloudless sky,
With the lives of men beneath his eye.
He looks upon both life and death,
The beginning and the end of breath.

He sees the babe in his cradle soft,
He sees the boy, from his post aloft.
He sees the man at his life's midday,
And he sees the sage, with his beard of gray.

His eye beholds the fields and streams,
Out there the mighty ocean gleams.
He sees the earth when it's torn with strife,
With battles, plunder and murder rife.

And then he sees a church below,
With rows of tombstones, white as snow,
And, all unknowing, he gazes on
The peace that comes when life is gone.

Blackstone Dozier, '32.

* * *

THE COOTIES.

The Cooties are, this year, you know,
Quite a goodly team.
They haven't lost a game, so far,
From all I've heard and seen.

The team is made up of the boys
Who some day hope to make
The big team, and when that day comes
Each hand I wish to shake.

D. Lambeth plays on end, I've heard;
That's all I need to say,
For Lambeth is the boy who's called
The "Pride of M. B. A."

There's Bishop, Green, and Turner,
And Shropshire (not Spencer's son);
There's Briscoe, Proctor, Williams—
How those boys can run!

But though all these boys are good,
Their brilliance cannot mar
The glory of "Prime" Lambeth,
Who really is the star.

Ewing Lawrence, '33.

* * *

Doug, Doug, the Lambeth's son,
Snatched a pass and away he run!
He won the game and won great fame,
And never since has been the same!

Tommy Malone, '32.

At the elections of the School Committee at the beginning of school this year, the following were chosen: Jimmy Blair, Spencer Shropshire, Nick Halloran and Howard Butler as committeemen from the Sixth Form; Elliston Yates, Wheatley Harris and Station Hurn, from the Fifth Form; Arch Bishop and James McKelvey from the Fourth Form, and Jimmy Horner, from the Third Form.

Fred Wells, Malcolm Poage, Howard Ball and Mr. Burrows were chosen as members from the school at large and as faculty representative respectively.

In the Senior Class Malcolm Poage was elected President; Jimmy Blair, Vice-President; and Lobin Lovelace, Secretary and Treasurer.

In the Junior Class, Elliston Yates was chosen as President and Wheatley Harris Vice-President.

The Sophomores chose James McKelvey President and Wilson Green Vice-President.

In the Freshman Class Harold Whiteman was elected President and Bus Frazer Vice-President.

The poplars on our campus are as well known as the school buildings itself. We are all proud of these trees. There are many other trees on the grounds that are very imposing, especially the huge oaks on the western side of the hill, and also there are many fine shrubs and flowers, but nothing is as beautiful, stately, lissom, graceful and magnificent as these tall Lombardy poplars.

We have greatly mourned the destruction of the largest poplar by lightning this summer. It is a great loss, keenly felt, especially by Mr. and Mrs. Ball, who have watched the growth of the trees during the years they have been with the school. All the boys who have been at M. B. A. will remember this superb poplar as it used to be, and will feel its loss.

* * *

Roberts: Are you the barber that cut my hair the last time that I was here?

Barber: No, sir, I think not; I've only been here six months.

* * *

Mr. Burrows: When you burn sulphur what do you get?

Dyer: Smoke.

* * *

There was a rumor about the school the other day that Hurn's age was being discussed in Ancient History.

* * *

McKelvey: I was alarmed this morning.

Blair: What about?

McK.: About six-thirty.

* * *

NONSENSE

1. For Wendell Smith to sit and dream.
2. For Harris to have bowlegs.
3. For Blair and Hooker to be in love.
4. For "Mustard" not to go straight home from school.
5. For Roberts to be a sheik.

* * *

Mr. Davidson (in Caesar class): I never saw such a dead-looking class. Smith, you and Littlefield sit up you look too dead.

Smith (yawning): But, Mr. Davidson, this is a dead language.

* * *

Sharp: Leake and I made a hundred in French.

Mr. Ball: Come, now, Sharp; you know you didn't make a hundred.

Sharp: Well, here are the papers. Here is Leake's 85 and my 15.

* * *

Mrs. Ball (in English Five): Correct the sentence, "The maniac was caught by the police before any damage could be done."

Weber: "The maniac was caught before any damage could be done by the police."

Mrs. Ball: Well, I guess that is right.

* * *

Mr. Ball (reading in English Six):

"A chieftain to the highlands bound
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!'"

Voice from rear of class: That doesn't sound like any Scotchman to me.

* * *

Mr. Ball (in Cicero class): Lambeth, where is Cilicia?

Lambeth: In line 28.

* * *

We are glad to announce that our star athlete, Jimmy Blair, has taken up the study of astrology. His observatory is located on the front porch of a young lady's home on Shelby avenue. He may be seen at work every Saturday night.

* * *

THE HEIGHT OF NERVE—

1. For Bequette to miss a question in English.
2. For Dyer to act foolish.
3. To call "Mustard" a fish.
4. For B. Dixon to take a chew.
5. For Roberts not to squabble.

"Mount Helvy": No, sir, no girl ever made a fool out of me?
Hurn: Well, who did, then?

* * *

Proctor: Playing golf, Leake?
Leake (in a sand trap): No, trap shooting.

* * *

WANTED—BY

Harris—To be a "daddy" man.
Thornton—A serious moment.
Poage—Some one! De Scar!!!
McKelvey—A new sweatshirt.
Shropshire—More hats.
Glenn—A charley horse.
Frazer—A comb.

WHEN THE DAY OF MIRACLES COMES

Hurn will be on time.

Dixon will have a shave.

McKelvey will be on the honor roll.

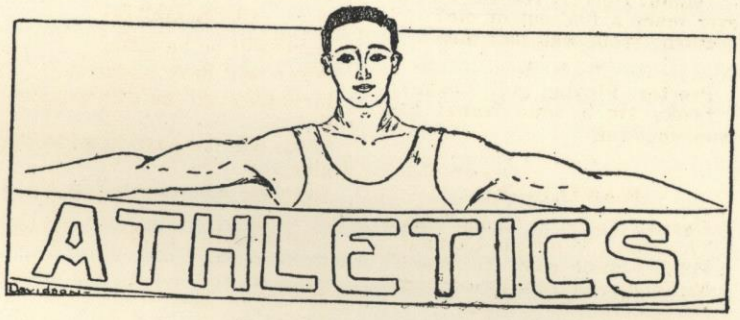
Wells will not have to go to the doctor.

Bequette will be wearing No. 8 shoes.

Fariss will reduce to 200 pounds.

Pearson will get a nose guard that will fit him.

Poage will go to a dance without getting into a fight.



At the beginning of the season M. B. A.'s prospects for a good team were very bright. Almost all of last year's squad returned and seemed in fine shape. However, the loss of three men by ineligibility was a bad blow. With the remaining material Coach Hardin has worked hard, and the product is a team which. though having no sort of claims to a national championship, nevertheless is a good team, a credit to their coach and to the school.

The usual engagements of the school were observed in the matter of games. In fact, the schedule was about as heavy as any football schedule ever undertaken by M. B. A. The season is something more than half finished as this goes to press, but the team is still going strong. This, too, it has done in spite of a series of minor injuries to players that has often made both practice and games peculiarly difficult.

M. B. A., 20; WALLACE, 0

M. B. A. started the 1931 football season with a very impressive victory over Wallace. The Maroons, exhibiting symptoms of a championship football team, held the Wallace Bulldogs under control the entire game. The alert Maroon team intercepted a pass in the first quarter, which accounted for their first score. The second touchdown came when Shorty Yates got away on a beautiful sixty-yard run. The third marker was plunged over by "Daddy" Harris, M. B. A.'s driving fullback. The playing of Poage, Hurn, Halloran and Yates was outstanding in the Maroon backfield.

Blair, Lovelace, Ball and Hooker were the defensive stars for Coach Hardin's clan. Mercer and Farris were splendid in the Wallace line, while Buchanan and Penick displayed lots of power for the Bulldogs.

M. B. A., 0; C. M. A., 7

M. B. A. lost its first game of the season to the big C. M. A. combination. The game proved to be one of the best games played in Nashville this season. The two teams played on even terms until the Maroons were penalized fifteen yards to their five-yard line, after which C. M. A. scored their only touchdown, after three trials. Fred Moses, C. M. A. quarterback, carried the ball in great style for the Cadets. The outstanding player for M. B. A. was Station Hurn. His defensive playing was of the best. For M. B. A. the work of Hurn, Halloran, Pearson, Poage, Harris, Blair, Lovelace, Morgan and Babb was outstanding.

M. B. A., 31; DUNCAN, 0

M. B. A. defeated the Duncan Longhorns for their second win of the year, 31 to 0. The Maroons completely outclassed the Longhorns in every department of play. The Maroon backs gained at ease with the whole Maroon line blocking and making a path for our elusive backs, Poage, Hurn, Harris, Pearson and Halloran. R. J. Miller and George Ausmus were the best performers for the Longhorns. The Maroons scored in every quarter, their offense clicking like a machine, keeping the Longhorns' defense on the go the whole game.

M. B. A., 13; B. G. A., 6

Montgomery Bell stopped the undefeated Battle Ground Academy for their third victory of the season. M. B. A. started the scoring when they received the ball on their twenty-yard line. Two plays through the line, and Petey Harris broke around end, accompanied by almost perfect interference, and raced 65 yards for a touchdown. Then Vaden, B. G. A. 190-lb. quarter, received the kick-off on his 20-yard line and returned it 75 yards to M. B. A.'s

5-yard line. After several plays Vaden hit center for a touchdown. The next score was made by Poage, who raced 97 yards on the kick-off for a touchdown. Vaden, Burns and Farmsworth were the stars for B. G. A. Harris, Poage, Pearson, Harris, Hooker, Wells, Butler, Bequette and Glenn were the big guns for M. B. A.

M. B. A., 40; TATE, 0

M. B. A. smothered the Tate School eleven for their fourth victory of the season, 40 to 0. Led by Poage, Hurn, Shropshire, Halloran and Harris, the Maroon menace ransacked the Tate line at ease, scoring in every period except the first. The M. B. A. backfield and line clicked as a well-oiled machine during the entire contest. The alert playing of Wells, Bequette, Butler, Blair, Roberts, Fariss and Dyer in the line was excellent all through the game. Reed, Bethurum and Kirkpatrick were the backbone of the Tate combination from Shelbyville.

M. B. A., 13; MORGAN, 6

M. B. A. defeated Morgan in a close-fought game in the dust of Sulphur Dell. After Morgan scored in the first three minutes of play by a blocked punt, which was recovered behind the goal line, Morgan fought hard to hold the M. B. A. offense. Early in the second quarter M. B. A. unleashed a pass attack which carried the ball steadily down the field. A pass from Hurn to Poage score the first touchdown. Hurn tossed the ball into the waiting hands of Harris for the extra point and the score stood 7 to 6 in M. B. A.'s favor.

After the kick-off M. B. A. began a steady march down the field, which was halted by the whistle for the half. The game was closely fought in the third period and affairs stood until in the closing minutes of play Hurn intercepted a Morgan pass and stepped unhindered thirty yards for a touchdown. This ended the scoring. For M. B. A. the entire backfield played a stellar game and Ball, Hooker, Blair and Babb were outstanding in the line. For Morgan Troop and Street played best.

The M. B. A. Cooties have done very well this season, having won four games out of the six. The scores were as follows:

M. B. A. Cooties, 7; B. G. A. Midgets, 0.
M. B. A. Cooties, 7, Troop 7, 6.
M. B. A. Cooties, 13, B. G. A. Midgets, 0.
M. B. A. Cooties, 6; Branham & Hughes, 13.
M. B. A. Cooties, 6; Branham & Hughes, 27.
M. B. A. Cooties, 14; Wallace, 0.

All the Cootie players have played very well, with Biscoe, Lambeth, Sharp and Frazer as the more outstanding stars. They were outplayed at Branham & Hughes, but carried off the honors in the rest of the games.

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